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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Lectures were delivered at the opening of the Session in the University—not from their appropriateness, but from the inability of the Author to furnish anything better. Many friends having expressed a desire to see them in print, it has been resolved to present them to the Public, with whom they will no doubt meet the reception they deserve.

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LECTURE I.

I am conscious that the lecture which I am about to deliver requires some apology. The theme on which I am to speak is remotely enough connected with the objects which bring us together to-day. You may, therefore, well ask me why I have chosen it, and I feel that I am bound to give you an answer. I have many reasons. One is, that the subject of University Reform, on which some of us have been ringing the changes during the last

few years, has lost its freshness at any rate, and, if I mistake not, much of its importance too. When it seemed a present probability, it was my duty and my interest to express my sentiments fully on the subject; but now that it appears only a future possibility, I am urged by no such motives to return to it, and I gladly seek a new topic. Another reason is, that for some months B 2 during the past summer, when I ought, perhaps, to have been thinking of my classes, my mind was engrossed with other matters, and I cannot recollect that the University rose up vividly before me except on one occasion, when, in a Kentucky paper, I saw an announcement, probably stolen from the pages of Punch, that one of my colleagues intended visiting the United States, but in compliment to the prejudices of the Anti-slavery party, had resolved to change his name for the occasion.

My apologies for the selection of my present subject are, therefore, really only one—that I have nothing to say on any other. I have, in fact, been playing the truant, and wandering in the West. And as the objects which presented themselves during my tour are vividly before me at this moment, I will, at the risk of being unacademical, give you the benefit of the impressions I retain.

The directors of an institution with which I am connected having resolved to extend their business operations to the British provinces of North America, I was requested to take part in the preliminary arrangements. An unusually favourable opportunity was thus afforded me of 3 visiting the countries beyond the Atlantic, as it presented the double luxury of a friend and a purse for the road. Who would not travel under such circumstances? At any rate, I could not resist the temptation, and accordingly, I set forth at a short notice, leaving family, and college, and duties behind, that I might get a hasty glance at the New World. I had, besides, two other inducements to the step I was taking. The one, that the American Scientific Association proposed meeting in Montreal on the 12th of August, so that I might hope to obtain some knowledge of the state of Transatlantic science. The other, that a connection of my own is located in the west of Canada, in charge of a portion of the Mohawk and Tuscarora Indians; and thus there appeared to be offered me an admirable

opportunity of getting a peep at Indian life. The sequel will shew that I was somewhat disappointed in both my expectations.

The days are gone by when a man need brace up his nerves very strongly to encounter the buffeting of the waves, or the hardships of the land travel in such a journey as I am about to describe. Pictures of Columbus in his caraval, 4 or Father Hennepin in his canoe, are exciting and invaluable as specimens of the work of the historical painter, but they have nothing whatever to do with the modern tourist. In reference to the sea, I am greatly disposed to adopt the definition of the elder Charles Matthews, who, when asked to describe his voyage to America, said it consisted “of a long table-cloth, extending from Liverpool to New York.” And really the four or five substantial meals a-day on shipboard, go far to justify the definition. It is true there are a few little accompaniments. There is, for instance, the ship tumbling about, heaving, staggering, creaking, as if drunk or in a fit. And then the spectator evinces so powerful a sympathy with the movements before and around him, that his very inner man becomes anxious to escape and get out. These accompaniments rather tend to damp the enjoyment of the long table-cloth, and, indeed, of everything else. For my own part, I must confess that even Little Dorrit failed to give me any pleasure. The only conclusion I arrived at—a very silly one, I dare say—was, that if on land “we are such stuff as dreams are made on,” then Certainly at sea we are such stuff as novels are 5 made on. The brain is busy even to excitement, but it is turned upside down.

Spite of these drawbacks, a sea voyage is, on the whole, a pleasant enough thing after all; and, in the hope that it may tempt some of my hearers at no distant period to follow my example, I will briefly describe my passage out to Halifax.

One fine morning in July, my friend Mr. Fraser and myself found ourselves on board the Royal Mail Steamer Europa, one of the line which connects Liverpool with Halifax and Boston. The excellent manner in which these ships are appointed in every respect, the ability and urbanity of their commanders, in a very short time places every passenger at his ease, so far as ease is attainable in a ship. The first thing one does on coming

aboard is to scrutinize the party with whom he is to spend the next twelve days. In our case, certain groups very soon began to attract more than common attention. First and foremost we observed a somewhat clerical looking man escorting a young lady and her mother, who appeared quite new to the sea, and under considerable excitement. Crossing their path might be seen a model Scotchman—a man who, both in costume and in physiognomy, 6 would serve admirably to adorn the pages of a child's picture book with the appellation of Sawnie. Not a little conspicuous were a German baron and his daughter —both superlatively dressed; whilst the bright twinkle of the eye of a stout French-looking gentleman quite did one good to look at. As days wore on, the peculiarities of our friends oozed out. The clerical looking gentleman was as vivacious and witty as Sydney Smith, and ready for every species of amusement. The Scotchman was prepared to argue on any subject, physical or metaphysical; more especially could he demonstrate the superiority of Canada to the States, or indeed to all the world besides, though he had a quiet corner of his heart, and the whole of his vocabulary, reserved for Scotland—the land of his boyhood. The German baroness, with many more of the ladies, disappeared under the angry waves, and only partially shook off the brine at the end of the voyage. Young as she was, she spoke several languages fluently, and showed a wonderful acquaintance with English literature. We deeply mourned her departure, and longed for her re-appearance. But we never lost, morning or evening, 7 the ringing merry voice of the French-looking gentleman, and I can now hear him chuckle, as he shouts, “high, low, jack, and the game.”

But I am ahead of my story. The second day on board was Sunday, a day which is always well kept by the passengers. It fell to my lot to conduct the service. At the conclusion of a very brief address, I was met by one of my most attentive auditors, the clerical looking gentleman, who expressed his extreme satisfaction at what I had said, and, of course, by attacking me in my weak point, henceforth stood high in my estimation. From the conversation which took place, he satisfied me that he possessed a considerable knowledge of Scripture, and doubts began to cross my mind whether he was not some dignitary of the American church travelling in disguise. These doubts were very soon

removed, and my clerical friend speedily became the moving spirit of the ship. Relieved of the charge of his ladies, whom Neptune and the doctor took under their special care during the whole voyage, he devoted all his energies to keeping the ship alive. Now you heard the boisterous laugh of a group gathered round the funnel, as our friend concluded some wonderful 8 tale. At another time the cabin was in a high state of excitement at the production of a musical box, and the description of its virtues. Were the players at shovel-board more than usually merry, there might be seen our friend in the midst of them. And who was he, think you? Not a Bishop, not even a witty Dean; but simply Mr. P. T. Barnum, clerk, merchant, editor, and showman, the inventor of Tom Thumb and the Mermaid, and the happy proprietor for a time of Jenny Lind. A most agreeable companion he is—full of anecdote, full of life. Would you like to hear one of his stories? I cannot declare they are his, for one evidence of genius in Mr. Barnum is his keen perception of what is good in others, and a facility in turning it to his own advantage. The following I offer as a specimen of the stories he entertained us with, from whatever quarter he may have derived them.

“These travellers tell strange stories. I remember one Silas Gray, a queer fellow, a citizen of the world, who, when he heard a traveller's tale, always chimed in with one more extraordinary still. Such as this: Did you ever go to the Rocky Mountains? Well I wonder at that. You 9 may be sure you don't know the world. My ancestors came from there, and in my younger days we used often to talk about an old uncle that was living there about a century ago. He was a crack shot, and when he came down to see grandfather, brought a particular long gun with him. I thought I might as well go and see what they had done with the old man. Well, do you know, that district is so remarkably healthy, high up in the air, that people never die. They get old and shrivelled, and lose their faculties pretty much, and then the neighbours tie them up in a sack, and ticket them, and hang them up in the church. So when I got to the place I went to the church, and asked the man that had charge, if he knew what had become of my old uncle. The man said he didn't know, but if I would come along with him, we'd see. So we went round and examined the sacks, a precious lot of them. Sure enough there was my uncle's name on one. So the man

asked me if I wished to speak to him. I told him I wanted particularly to do it. Well, he took down the sack, and inside there was my uncle as dry as a mummy. He put him into warm water, and after a while the old 10 man began to open his eyes and sneeze. At last, says I, Well, uncle, can you speak? and he said he could. So I began to chat with him about our relations. The old man presently tired, and began to yawn. Says he, if you have anything particular to ask about, I guess you had better make haste, as I am getting tired, and want to be hung up again. Well then, uncle, says I, I do just want to know what became of a particular long gun you used to have. Look, says he, under the thatch at the north-west corner of the house and you'll find it. Thankee, uncle, says I; and we tied the old man up again.

“Well, I found the gun, and loaded it with a pound of powder and six pounds of shot. In my country the pigeons are so plentiful that, unless you drive them away, they eat up all the grain. Somebody has to go out every morning to shoot them. Well, I was anxious for my turn. So I got up very early, long before daylight, and I laid the gun along a fence, just to sweep the field as I thought. I sat down to wait for morning, but somehow fell asleep. When I woke, the ground was literally plastered with pigeons. But the gun swept just over their heads, and 'twas no use firing 11 at them as they lay; but I thought that was no great matter, so made ready. Hallo! says I, and up they flew. I let fly, but the hundredth of a second too late. Not a bird did I kill, but we picked up two bushels and a half of legs and feet on the ground.”

Any one who has made a voyage knows that a never-failing expedient for passing the time, is to hold a mock court of justice; and on this occasion you may be sure Mr. Barnum was brought to trial. The indictment was an able analysis of Mr. Barnum's Autobiography, but it was eclipsed by the evidence of one of the witnesses, who had thrown the principal incidents of the work into doggerel verse. Mr. Barnum spoke for an hour in his defence, with such ability, earnestness, and eloquence, that he carried his acquittal by acclamation. He proved that every walk in life has its share in deceiving the public; the only innocuous deceit being that which he has always practised, professional deceit. The lawyer, the

clergyman, the merchant, the mechanic, all furnished him with a butt to launch a shaft at. The steam-whistle was screaming during the whole of his speech. Turning to the captain, he said, “Many 12 of the passengers have come on board expecting a band of music (it was true), and they may now cry out in the bitterness of their disapppointment, with the great Dr. Franklin, ‘we have paid too dear for our whistle!’”—pointing the offensive machine, which shrieked an acknowledgment. The young lady whom Mr. Barnum was conducting is now, I hope, reaping a golden harvest in the Museum as a sweet singer. Mr. Barnum himself, so the indictment set forth, is in some embarrassment from having embarked in the manufacture of clocks warranted to wind themselves up. They proved actually to exceed their warranty by winding up their projector too. Here I take leave of Mr. Barnum, thanking him for his exertions in shortening our voyage to Halifax, and wishing him success in both his callings of showman and temperance lecturer.

I must not omit to mention that Mr. Bennett the tragedian was one of our party, and that he kindly undertook to read and comment on two of Shakespeare's plays in his admirable manner. Nor can I quit the ship without a word about her accomplished commander, Captain John Leitch, whose literary and scientific attainments communicate 13 an elevating tone to those with whom he is brought into contact.

In a deluge of rain we first put foot on the shores of America; and owing to the scanty supply of conveyances, had to experience something like the reception which is given to those who for the first time cross the line. But we got housed at last, and with some difficulty procured a crust of bread and cheese before we went to bed, wondering what kind of place Nova Scotia might be.

It is not necessary that I should describe Halifax to you; nor its inhabitants, who, spite of Sam Slick, are a prosperous and happy people. The rage for dollars, it is true, has not reached the place, but I do not know that it is essential to the progress of civilization that it should pervade the whole continent of America. There is no want of wealth in Nova Scotia, nor of activity amongst the merchants, but from various causes, the resources of

the country have been only partially developed. A glance at the map will show you that one great cause of the retardation of the southwestern portion of the colony is the want of navigable rivers, and of water-power generally. But it must be confessed that the people have done 14 little to supply the place of nature's highways. The road which forms the line of communication between the Atlantic and the Bay of Fundy is far from well kept. The wooden bridges are rotten and full of ugly gaps, reminding one of that famous bridge which Mirza saw on the plains of Bagdad. Yet it is a charming country, and if I were to retire from old Scotland to the West, I could fix my residence nowhere more willingly than in New Scotland. One element in our favourable impression both of Halifax and of St. John, New Brunswick, was doubtless the kind reception we met with from friends to whom we carried introductions. In both places we were treated to something more than passive politeness. The spirit of Scottish hospitality impelled to a vigorous and active exertion in forwarding the object of our journey. Everywhere, indeed, did we find a Scotchman ready to respond warmly and at once to a Scotch call. I had little opportunity of testing the hospitality of the Americans. Professor Johnstone in his “Notes on North America,” tells us that the word “hospitality” has been changed to cleverness; and he gives an instructive example of that virtue in the case of a gentleman who 15 paid his hotel bill for him. Had he inquired further, he would have found that the word “clever,” like the “ *par exemple* ” of the French, has its handful of meanings—the general impression intended to be conveyed being anything but complimentary. Whilst I am on the subject, I may mention that our Transatlantic friends have taken the liberty of changing the signification of a few of the English words; for example, one of the sign-boards in Halifax which first attracted my notice, was this, “Oyster and Furnishing Rooms,” the said “furnishing” consisting of mutton pies, etc. The Yankees have a pretty good stock of such metamorphosed words, and when they see an Englishman's mouth wide open they enjoy the pleasure of pitching them down his gullet wholesale. In this manner they evidently crammed Mr. Dickens, and a very sensible authoress, “The Englishwoman in America.”

After spending two days in Halifax, we placed ourselves on what is politely called a coach, bound for Annapolis. If you wish to get an idea of the coach, you may do so by recalling one of those machines which visit us at fair-time, pleasantly styled merry-go-rounds. You must imagine a 16 roof to this machine, and a framework behind for luggage. Two very stout leather straps run longitudinally under each side of the vehicle, and it is thus hung freely on to the wheelwork. By this contrivance, it is well adapted to bear the jolts to which the wretched roads of the province subject it. Sitting on a sack of oysters, or a carpetbag, or anything which first comes to hand amongst the luggage on the roof of this machine, provided your joints are firmly strung together, provided also you escape being beheaded by the telegraph wires which every now and then cross the road; provided further you do not share the fate of Absalom, and remain suspended on the branch of a tree; provided, lastly, the hundred hair-breadth escapes which are made day by day of tumbling the whole affair into a river, or over an embankment, be accorded to you on the day of your journey in full tale—with these little provisos, you will enjoy a stage coach journey in Nova Scotia thoroughly. The whole thing is exciting at the time, and delightful in the retrospect; but the dangers encountered between Halifax and Annapolis are at least as great as those of a voyage from Liverpool to the former place.

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Having accomplished sixty-five miles in fourteen hours, we were set down at Kentville, where we rested the Sunday, attending divine service with large and well-dressed congregations. I wish I could describe Kentville to you. Have you formed a correct conception of a village of wooden houses? If not, I fear I shall fail to give it to you. Should your ideas run on coarse deal planks roughly nailed together, after the manner of the temporary huts erected at a cattle-show, you had better commence by getting well clear of them. No doubt these rough boards are there, but, like the flesh and bones of an animal, they are hidden by a more sightly external covering. Now the exterior surface of a wooden building is either formed of narrow horizontal layers of plank overlapping each other, not altogether unlike the coat of a zebra, or of thin wooden shingles arranged so

as to imbricate the surface like the back of an armadillo. And at Kentville all the houses were painted pure white, as clean as a new pin; whilst the eye was relieved by the green jalousies of the windows, and the trellised verandahs which usually surrounded part or the whole of the lower storey. Every house was, in fact, a pretty little C 18 picture; and all were different. When I add that wood is the coolest of materials in summer, the warmest in winter, and the dryest at all times, I fancy I shall have said enough to make you envy the inhabitants of Kentville, if not to induce you, whenever you emigrate, to bend your steps thither.

But the place has another recommendation. It is the district of the scene of Evangeline, and the country is really charming, stretching away on the banks of the Gaspereau in varied woodlands and meadows from the pine forest to the Basin of Minas. Nor are the wild woods awanting, but the district is generally reclaimed, and it does require a little aid of the imagination to enter fully into the spirit of the beautiful lines with which Longfellow opens his poem:—

“This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic, Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms. Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.”

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After crossing the Bay of Fundy, you find yourself in the flourishing city of St. John, at the mouth of the magnificent river of the same name—the focus of the lumber trade in this quarter. During the summer this city is frequently enveloped in fogs for weeks together, arising from the colder temperature of the waters of the banks of Newfoundland, and the proximity of the Gulf Stream to the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. In one of these fogs we spent our days in New Brunswick, catching only occasional snatches of the neighbouring

scenery, and shut up from any lengthened excursion. The hospitality of our friends, however, rendered our stay sunny, spite of the fog.

Here we made our first acquaintance with an American steamer, and to have seen one is to have seen all, so far as the novelty is concerned. One peculiarity of the whole genus of river and lake boats is, that they are painted white inside and out. In shape and general appearance they are not unlike the child's toy called a Noah's ark. They are, in fact, hotels supported on a barge. For the stormy Bay of Fundy, I confess I should greatly prefer a ship more stoutly built, and lower in the water. Even with a very moderate sea, 20 the Adelaide rolled more than suited the taste of some of her occupants. Besides, these American boats are built exclusively for inside passengers. The hotel is not provided with windows. In coming down the Hudson in company with some three hundred persons, the only position from which the scenery of the banks could be viewed, was a small space in the bows, which was usually occupied by the smokers. The Americans, as a body, do not think of looking at the scenery; they keep strictly to the saloons. Indeed, by far the greatest amount of passenger traffic is carried on through the night. The ship thus becomes really an hotel, whilst the guests have the advantage of transacting business at places one hundred and fifty miles distant on successive days. For pleasure travelling, at least during daylight, commend me to one of our Clyde boats, with all its drawbacks. To be sure, the size of the American boats is a great recommendation. The “City of Buffalo,” the last boat built for Lake Erie, is 2200 tons register.

The Adelaide conveyed us to Portland, in Maine, where we obtained our first lesson in the enterprize of the States. I do not now speak of the 21 commerce, nor of the jetties which are in the course of erection as the landing-place of the Great Eastern. I allude to the hotel system. It has been described too often to require that I should go over the ground again. It is certainly well adapted to those who lead an unsettled life, and consequently displays the wisdom of the people in accommodating themselves to the part they have so largely to play in the world's history—the part, I mean, of pioneers—of an advanced guard to reduce to their dominion the boundless expanse of forest and prairie land which

forms the background of their immediate position. No sooner is a village planted, than two or three hotels rise out of the dust—large rough buildings at first. As the village grows into a town, more costly erections follow, until, at last, a superb palace springs up, and becomes, as in the Eastern tale, a caravanserai. The passengers by the Great Eastern will probably find the new hotel at Portland ready to receive them. When I saw it, the principal elevation of white marble was nearly complete, and it struck me that the beauty of the design corresponded with that of the material. Perhaps it is rather smaller than might have 22 been expected. In most of the principal towns, the hotels are of unwieldy dimensions. The largest in the States is said to make up 3000 beds. This is no doubt a great exaggeration, but the principal houses in New York do make up about 1000 beds each, and the style of the public rooms is quite princely. The simplicity of the mode of accounting, too, is admirably suited to a progressing people. On entering the office, you write your name in a book. The clerk enters opposite to it, the hour, or rather whether it is before or after dinner, and the number of your room. You are then free to the house, and must look after your own interest; no one will trouble himself whether you eat all day long, or eat not at all, and you will pay the same in either case, about 10s. per day. I had the curiosity to count the number of entries, along with my own, on the day I arrived at the St. Nicholas in New York, and found it 250. Mr. Dickens, very briefly, but very pointedly, describes an American hotel in these words, “It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas, and passages than I can remember, or the reader would believe; and is some trifle smaller than Bedford Square.”

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From Portland we proceeded by railway to Quebec, skirting the White Mountains, the Switzerland of the States. The scenery merited more than a railway ride through it, but the urgent demands of business forbade our lingering on the way. I was not a stranger to the kind of carriages, or cars, as they are called, which are universally employed in the new world, having travelled in very similar ones in Austria. For a hot climate, and for night travelling, they possess great advantages. Each car holds about eighty passengers, who

sit in pairs on either side of a roadway that runs from end to end of the whole train. The carriages are lofty, and there is abundance of ventilation, and plenty of dust. But there is also plenty of freedom. You can leave your seat at any time, and stand on the outside enjoying the fresh air, or smoking a cigar, as your taste may dictate; and as at night the consideration of the officials generally provides twice as many cars as are absolutely needed, each person occupies a double seat, on which he can lie very comfortably and sleep as well as in a bed. For my own part, I rather preferred the railway carriage to the bed-chamber as my dormitory when 24 the temperature was very high; and I observed generally that the Americans addressed themselves to sleep as systematically as if they had been at home.

As I have just been speaking about hotels, I will now draw to a conclusion my remarks on American travelling, by saying in one word, that if you have no squeamishness about spitting, you will find all the arrangements as perfect as can be desired. Your luggage is safely stowed in your waistcoat pocket in the shape of a label, and you may travel a thousand miles, by half a dozen lines of railway without giving it even a thought. A lady travelling alone finds a separate window devoted to her use at the stations, where she may take out her ticket apart from the crowd. She finds a separate carriage in the train, into which gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies are forbidden to enter. At the principal hotels she finds a separate entrance, and the master of the house thinks it his duty to attend personally to her wants. If she goes to the Post Office for her letters, she finds a separate window railed off for her convenience; and should she return to the hotel five minutes after the dinner bell has rung, she finds 25 the lobbies crowded by a set of hungry gentlemen, who dare not enter the dining room until she has taken her seat.

This is the perfection of travelling arrangements, but to an unaccustomed traveller, male or female, it is all clouded and disfigured by the vile habit of spitting. Doubtless, the presence of the ladies is some check on this filthy practice; what it *might* be I dare not conjecture; what it is, amply suffices to mar the beauty of outer life in America. You meet it at every turn. Marble pavements and Turkey carpets are alike constantly and copiously befouled.

Spitting is the monster vice of the country; next to slavery it is the great obstacle in the way of perfect civilisation. Do you ask me how? I will tell you that it promotes and keeps up a want of social union between the sexes. If you look into the drawing-rooms of an hotel, you will see elegantly-dressed ladies pining for want of occupation; some listlessly oscillating in the horrid rocking-chairs; some nervously passing from the mirrors to the windows, anxious, perhaps, that others should enjoy a sight which has gratified themselves so much; whilst the lobbies, and the bar, and the tobacco-room are 26 crowded with their husbands and brothers—aye, and their lovers too, perhaps, who dare not spit before the ladies. I counted at one time, in an hotel in Kentucky, one hundred and twenty-five gentlemen in the lobby, the pavement of which they had rendered slippery and unsafe to the feet.

I gladly quit this disgusting theme, and hurry on to Quebec. Everybody knows that Quebec is an old French town, clustering around a rocky hill, on the summit of which stands a strong citadel. As you scramble up the steep narrow streets which lead from the river to the upper town, you find yourself once more in British territory by the red coats you encounter on the way. From the elevated ground the view over the sparkling tin roofs, and through the light spires of the numerous churches, is novel and striking. But what comes with greater force on the mind is the completely French aspect of the place. Long as the British have possessed it, they seem to have made little progress towards reducing the language or the customs of the people to a resemblance to their own. Wandering through the crowded market, I might have supposed myself at Rouen. For the naming of the streets, the whole 27 calendar appears to have been put into requisition. Turn where you will, the ground is dedicated to some saint. To the pious Romanist it is possible Quebec would present charms which we failed to discover. For our parts, after driving to Wolfe's monument, and the picturesque waterfalls of Montmorenci and Lorette, we were not sorry to get on board one of the steamers which ascend the St. Lawrence to Montreal. We had plenty of Irish emigrants on board, and were struck with the good humour with which they endure the very great discomforts of their journey. The major part consisted of whole

families, and I had watched with great satisfaction the process of packing the little ones snugly into warm corners, when about ten o'clock the coast was cleared, and they had all to turn out and find themselves new sleeping-places amongst the barrels and horse boxes near the bows. Hope of a better future seemed to sustain the parents bravely, but I pitied the poor children. Emigrants who are expert at some handicraft trade will certainly improve their condition and provide for their families by going out to Canada. But persons of a little higher grade, who have made the venture in the expectation 28 of finding provisions cheap and situations wide open, often commit a great error, and experience a long struggle before they recover their position. Emigration should be undertaken with extreme caution by those who are not ill to do at home. Especially should the representations of interested agents be received with suspicion. The picture of the city of Eden which Dickens draws in Martin Chuzzlewit is not altogether a caricature.

I have mentioned that one of the excuses which I framed for undertaking so long a journey was the prospect of being present at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held in Montreal. As this was the first occasion of the Association assembling within the British territories, our friends in Canada were anxious to secure the attendance of as many from the old country as possible, and had accordingly issued invitations to all the scientific societies, and to a considerable number of individuals, including myself. I am not going to trouble you with a detailed account of the proceedings of that meeting. The gathering of American savans was large, including such names as Bâche, Henry, Pierce, Silliman, Dana, Guyot, and Commodore 29 Wilkes, whose reputation is more than Transatlantic. We were also honoured with the presence of ex-president Fillmore, who looked the king well, and wisely said but little. The proceedings were not without considerable interest; but there was a great want of that personal contact with the distinguished men, which gives the charm to the British Association. You had, it is true, plenty of personal contact with all and sundry at the conversaziones, which were crammed to suffocation. At the first of these gatherings, we were presented with the rather humorous spectacle of a man of undoubted science endeavouring to

inoculate an audience with his ideas by the force of dumb show. The rooms contained about 1200 persons, more than half of whom were ladies. Professor Hall, ex-president of the Association, commenced his address in a very weak voice, inaudible to all but a hundred or so of those who were in his immediate neighbourhood. The rest stood in silent politeness for half an hour, and then commenced to talk. But the worthy professor had written his address, and not one page would he abate of its tedious length. So after vain attempts at reducing the assemblage to order, his lips moved 30 on for another hour; but whether he spoke or not, I leave to those who stood around him to determine. The Americans were said to be greatly incensed at this want of courtesy on the part of the Canadian ladies, who declined to stand still and watch the lips of their champion for an hour and a half. Will it be believed that they were pacified by the proposal that the lecture should be redelivered? and redelivered it was some few days after.

I hope you will not imagine that all the assemblies were failures. That given by M'Gill College was certainly successful. On this occasion we had an interesting lecture on the geology of the Island of Montreal, by Principal Dawson, a student and graduate of this university, and a man destined, if he is spared, to add largely to our knowledge of the science to which he has devoted his energies. I cannot pass his name without a warm acknowledgment of the kindness and hospitality with which he received me. Nor did I meet with a warm reception from him alone. The personal attention which several of my friends in Montreal bestowed on me, have left a lasting and pleasing impression on my mind.

31

Montreal is well supplied with public buildings. The Town Hall, in which the evening meetings were held, could easily accommodate 1200 persons. The Court House itself was amply sufficient for all the morning business. I may add, that provision had been made for the reception of the Association with a disregard of trouble and expense which reflects infinite credit on the people of Montreal. What would the members of the British Association say, were the local committee to pay their railway fares back to the home from whence they came? Yet this, under certain limitations, the people of Montreal did for

the Americans. Mr. Bâche humorously observed he now understood the meaning of the French adage, “ *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* ”

I was most anxious to see a little of the educational progress of the country, and it had been my custom constantly to enquire if there were any schools or colleges in operation, but hitherto without success. Now, however, I was assured that I should see something going on in the Normal School of the lower province. Accordingly, in company with Professor Daniel Wilson, whose labours place him in the front rank amongst the 32 literary men of Canada, I stole out of the sections to get a glance at the schools. Alas! we saw only the cage; the birds had flown. Still I gained some information, which prepared me for what I subsequently saw. The fittings up and provision for the comfort of the students, proves that money is abundant. Here, as in the States, the floor is completely occupied with desks, or with little forms adapted for one, or at most two students. It certainly appeared to me that this occupation of the floor with fixtures is very ill adapted for purposes of teaching, at least of an elementary character, and my prepossessions were strongly confirmed when, on a subsequent occasion, I saw large classes of young children, in full operation. To this I shall again refer in the proper place.

Having been disappointed in my expectation of seeing the Normal School of Montreal under training, I began to regard any further attempts throughout the province as hopeless. In this I was wrong.

Happily the classes in the school of Toronto were assembled, and I had an opportunity of seeing how they worked. I may premise that 33 the school system of Canada West is very elaborately developed. I had just learned, from an essay placed in my hands, that it combines the excellences of various systems. I copy the following statement as a curious example of the advantages which a young country possesses:—

“The school system is a compound of the following:—

“1st. The machinery of the system is adopted from that of the State of New York.

“2d. The principle of the support of the schools is derived from that of Massachusetts, ‘supporting them all according to property, and opening them to all without distinction.’

“3d. The series of elementary books in use are adopted from the Irish system, viz., those revised and published under the sanction of the National Board of Education in Ireland.

“4th. The system of normal school training of teachers is adopted from that of Germany, which makes school teaching a profession teaching things and not words.”

The buildings of the Toronto Normal School are really handsome, and they are furnished with a recklessness of expense. The picture galleries D 34 contain copies of most of the celebrated works of the great masters, together with casts from the antique, occupying three large rooms. The museum embraces models of agricultural and other instruments, apparatus for lectures on chemistry, etc. So much for the accessories. On entering a class-room, I found about fifty students assembled, one-third of whom were females. At the black board was a young man demonstrating the tenth proposition of the fourth book of Euclid. He did not succeed, so another was called up to supply his place. The latter got well through it, and answered some questions I proposed, readily, as did the rest of the class. Altogether there was evidence of activity and good teaching. The same class were, in another room, examined on a passage from “Gertrude of Wyoming,” particularly in the analysis of sentences. There was great animation and considerable progress. I came, of my own accord, to the conclusion, which was also indicated to me by the conductors of this school, that half-educated English or Scotch schoolmasters had better remain at home, than bring their wares to the Canada market. Too many of them find their way across the Atlantic to meet with bitter 35 disappointment. The province is far too fully alive to the importance of raising education on a sure basis, to patronize imported mediocrity, and indeed is in every way setting an example in the matter. Large additions are being made to the school, and a costly Norman edifice is rising beyond the town to form part of the university buildings.

Toronto is a flourishing place. There you see evident symptoms of that eager dollar-race which engrosses so large a share of attention in the States. The huge staring sign-boards, the elegant shops, the crowded warehouses, all speak of a vast emporium. But the thoroughfares, both here and in Montreal, are wretchedly kept. In the country parts of the province, too, the roads and bridges are not much better than in Nova Scotia. I had little practical experience of them, it is true, but a few specimens in the best localities spoke volumes. The longest drive I took was from the little town of Paris to the Mohawk settlement, some eight miles down the Grand River. The hotel-keeper at Paris gave me a buggy (a very light four-wheeled machine), and a good horse, without even asking my name, or where I came from. The first mile of the road 36 from Paris crosses two bridges, in both of which, but more particularly in the first, existed holes of such dimensions as to render a drive in the dark most undesirable for a stranger. On my outward journey I trotted on very gaily—all nature was smiling around me; and as I drew near to the Mohawk settlement, I congratulated the Indians on the fertile district in which they were located. To be sure, I had only met a couple of the nation during the whole drive, and I wondered how a thousand people could remain invisible so close to me. On reaching the settlement my friend cleared up the mystery. The Indians have nearly all migrated eight miles further back, and sold their well-cultivated lands to the whites. And what was worse, I had been expected some days before; and the very evening which preceded my arrival, there had been held a grand palaver in the house of the chief; and what think you of Indian civilisation when I tell you that he treated his guests to tea, displaying a very handsome silver service! The truth appears to be, that this tribe are not dwindling away, and might certainly, so far as we can see, retain their position but for the facility afforded them of alienating their cultivated lands, 37 and retiring farther into the bush. Christianity makes slow, but, it is believed, steady progress amongst them, and it will be, no doubt, their strongest preservative. They are, I am certain, in good hands, under Mr. Nelles.

Business matters pressing, I was unable to prolong my stay beyond the day. After dinner, accordingly, I essayed to return. But the aspect of nature had changed—thunder, lightning,

and torrents of rain accompanied my steps. What should I do?—go on whilst daylight lasted, and get thoroughly wet without the means of changing my clothes for hours, or take shelter and run the risk of tumbling into the Grand River in the dark? In either case there was likely to be a vacancy in the College. I chose the former alternative, and got thoroughly soaked; but such is the climate of Canada, that, sensitive as I am at home, neither on that occasion (on which I remained wet for five hours) nor on any other, did I experience the slightest symptom of cold-catching. The moral of this tale is, that ill-kept roads and bridges threaten the lives of the lieges in more ways than one.

I have said little about the natural features of the country. In fact, my powers of description 38 are very feeble. Nor is it easy to throw a halo around snake fences and pine woods unaccompanied with hill and lake. The truth must be told, that hundreds of miles of railway travelling present the same uniform look-out of a foreground of blackened stump, backed by a dense forest at a few feet distance, with here and there a log hut and a clearing. A good deal of the same thing is seen in the States; for it must be remembered that the railways are but of yesterday, and do not generally pass through the cleared and cultivated land. In due time, no doubt, most of them will be surrounded by farm settlements. Indeed, in many places, you do find a crop struggling with the charred remains of the forest, which stand in thick array, with their blackened arms, like a giant army of scarecrows, to protect the grain. And even where cultivation is of old standing, as between Toronto and Hamilton, you see nothing like the fertility of the Lothians. The soil, if not naturally thin, gets little manure, and you encounter everywhere armies of the great mullein, and they, too, weeds as they are, look half starved. In Nova Scotia there are fine fields of turnips, but in Canada I saw nothing of the kind. A 39 Canadian farmer does not expect the great returns which in these days are obtained in Scotland. He makes amends by the breadth of land which he cultivates.

Yet there is abundance of everything. Agriculture is improving, at any rate, in one essential particular—the substitution of machinery for manual labour. Reaping-machines are in great abundance, as are all kinds of agricultural implements. In such places as London, C. W.,

you see vast stores of them. From a remark which I heard in Nova Scotia, I was induced to take particular notice of the implements which I saw displayed in shop windows, etc., and truth compels me to record that they all had the impress of the States or of Canada. Not one of British manufacture did I see. The superiority of some American articles is said to be very marked; and, whether or not, the Canadians have certainly a crotchet in favour of them. It is not that they are cheaper; but the American studies the wants of his market better than the Englishman can do, and consequently is ready with the article just at the time it is wanted. The dealer will tell you that in a country like Canada, where money, if not abundant, is at least 40 freely scattered, purchasers are not likely to shift to another material than that they have used, simply because it is cheaper. That which experience has shown to answer its purpose is alone called for. The consequence is, that a very doubtful practice widely prevails. On the same principle that all Newcastle coal is Wallsend, and all Scotch herrings Lochfine, some of our manufacturers imitate the brand as well as the material. The Americans, it is said, do the same thing, and probably call all their broad cloths, “West of England,” and all their sauces “Worcester.” But this is no justification. The prejudices with which the custom has to contend may possibly be baseless, but I have found in my experience that telling the plain truth succeeds best in the end. I may mention that the only Scotch articles which I saw, and they were abundant everywhere, both in Canada and the States, were Erskine Nicol's Irishmen.

But I am forgetting the natural features of the country. The most striking, certainly, are the navigable rivers. The St. Lawrence, the St. John, the Hudson, the Mississippi—the father of waters—with its tributaries, the Missouri, the Ohio, 41 and a host of others, would fill a volume at the hands of a skilful artist. But I am no artist; and, in truth, when the momentous question was canvassed—Shall the beauties of nature or the progress of man guide our steps? Shall we visit the territory of Minnesota, and see the Mississippi take its leap in the Falls of St. Anthony, and its tributary in the charming Falls of the Minnehaha? or shall we take a peep at the slave states of Missouri and Kentucky? I gave my vote against the *laughing waters* , and we bent our course towards the south.

But we did see the falls of the Montmorenei, of the Niagara, and the Mohawk rivers. I will therefore venture to describe, as well as I can, the sensations raised by the Falls of Niagara. Had I been brought, as Father Hennepin was, suddenly and unexpectedly in front of the Horse-shoe fall, I am satisfied that my mind would have been bowed down with wonder and awe. But descriptions and pictures had paved the way to my impressions, and neither the immense volume of water, nor the great height down which it plunges, had power to astonish. But there was another element in my sensations which poetry 42 and painting had not rendered passive—the delightful drinking in of the beautiful. Here the mind came quite unblunted. You may cheat a man out of the wonder which he ought to experience at a sight he is to behold, by vividly presenting it to his mind's eye until his sense of admiration shall be rendered neutral, or even negative; but you cannot thus cheat him out of the enjoyment of the beautiful. Here “sense of appetite doth grow by what it feeds on;” and thus the Falls of Niagara burst on my sight as the glorious realisation of a beautiful dream which had before been hazy, disjointed, and colourless. There stood the cataract in the morning sun; on my left the American fall, backed by the rapids with their island foliage and alpine-looking buildings; before me, at a greater distance, the Horse-shoe fall, green and sparkling, with a wreath of white mist rising from its centre, and hovering over its surface. Such a series of pictures—for the circumference is too great to allow the eye to take it in all at once—such a series of pictures, grandeur, and sublimity quite apart, fill the mind to overflowing, and leave a blessing behind.

43

In bidding farewell to British America, I have but one parting word. I am sensible that I am quitting a rising, a prosperous country, attached both by interest and by affection to ourselves. My experience in Halifax and Toronto strongly convinced me that the pressure of the parent's hand, gentle and almost imperceptible as it is, must shortly be removed. I trust that history will have taught our rulers their duty in this matter. I trust that no mistaken policy will ever extinguish in a country that attachment to us, which prompts her sons to call Britain by the endearing title of Home.

LECTURE II.

We are now across the border, and very opportunely commence our acquaintance with the States on the first day of the week. The Sabbath, both at Detroit, where'we first spent it, and throughout the country generally, is very well kept—just as well, I believe, as in Scotland. Handsome churches of various denominations stand out prominently in every city, vying with each other in architecture. At one place you see spire after spire contending for height and beauty; at another you find that the prevailing taste leads to Grecian porticoes or Byzantine domes.

And then the interiors are fitted up with great luxury, and with an utter disregard to cost. Carved woods, and velvet cushions, and Turkey carpets, are profusely scattered. My custom was to attend the Presbyterian service, that I might learn how the sons of severe Scotland conduct 45 themselves under a change of circumstances. If the specimens I stumbled on may be regarded as a fair average sample of the whole, I have but a sorry report to bring back. The first preacher we listened to gave us an animated onslaught on Calvinism, slashing the doctrines of the Shorter Catechism unmercifully. The next said nothing intelligible at all. A third lectured his audience for an hour on their want of interest in church matters; and from their apparent want of interest in the lecture, I have no doubt they deserved all they got. A fourth was a plain-spoken earnest man, reminding me a little of old Scotland. But the grand characteristic feature of all the churches was the singing. This was performed by a professional quartett, with florid accompaniments on the organ. As an Episcopalian, I find no fault with the organ, quite the contrary; but I think some of, the symphonies and voluntaries with which we were favoured, belonged rather to the school of Rossini and Verdi than to that of Handel and Sebastian Bach, and should have been reserved for the Opera House. There is nothing offensive in a psalm sung to the beautiful music of “My mother bids me bind my hair,” especially 46 when the lady on whom the performance mainly rests has a magnificent voice. It is a good thing in itself. But I confess I thought the plain-spoken earnest man whom I have designated as the fourth

of those whose ministrations I attended, seemed a little out of keeping with the gorgeous accompaniments to eye and ear by which he was supported. One of the hymns he gave out was that which commences, “Awake our souls, away our fears.” This did not appear to suit the taste of the *prima donna* , and she led off to other words of her own choice. What the words were, nobody seemed either to know or to care; for did she not sing divinely?

I may seem to speak sarcastically, and I would be understood to record these impressions only as the first and hasty judgments of a stranger from Scotland, accustomed to hear men sing (as our friends would say) with a pocket-handkerchief to their eyes. Such records are not to be received as conclusions. Professor Pillans tells a story of his having to keep in check, during a rainy day, the great scholar, Dr. Parr. To draw him out, my colleague put into his hands an elegy of George Buchanan's. The doctor read three lines, and 47 then, with a chuckle, smiting his fist on the table, roared out, “False quantity!” So it was, sure enough, and Professor Pillans had nothing for it but to bid him go on. By degrees the chuckle of triumph died away, and a gleam of satisfaction stole over the doctor's face as he ejaculated, “Good! good!” and concluded by smiting the table again, exclaiming, “Very good I never mind the false quantity!” So a closer acquaintance with the congregations to which I have referred—a knowledge of their unbounded liberality—of the deep interest many of them take in the missionary cause—of their hearty co-operation with their brethren of every denomination in the promotion of education and moral discipline—would doubtless thoroughly obliterate the hasty impression to their disparagement which an apparent gratification of the senses during their devotions raises in a stranger's mind.

But I must away to the West. Have you ever heard of Chicago? Of course you have. It is now what Rochester and Buffalo have been in their day, the focus of western settlement. In ,1831 Chicago contained one shop, a few log huts, and perhaps the remains of the Black Hawk 48 Indians, who had just then suffered the fate which is now impending over their neighbours in Iowa. At that time the ground on which the city now stands might have been had, we are told, for little more than £100. At this moment, I am assured by a Scotch gentleman residing there, a frontage in the best localities sells for £250 a foot! Here

speculation is at fever heat. I walked through the streets of Chicago, scarcely passable even on foot for the mountains of building materials with which they are encumbered. Rising out of the dust, or rather in the midst of the dust, with the stumps of the forest yet scarce rooted out, I beheld a city of palaces. On every side, turn where you will, you are confronted with lofty imposing groups of buildings in the course of erection, as if some modern Aladdin had brought Venice from its ocean home, and tumbled it down on the prairie.

Here enterprise has scope for its full swing. Situated at the extremity of Lake Michigan, this city is the connecting link between a magnificent chain of lakes, whose united length exceeds that of the Mediterranean, on the one hand, and the vast prairie-field just beginning to yield to the 49 plough, on the other. Great as is the lumber trade of St. John, New Brunswick, that city does not export half as much as is imported into Chicago. This place, in fact, claims to be the largest timber market in the world, and we must probably admit the claim. But it boasts also of being the largest grain port in the world. Now an Englishman is not disposed to admit that a little town which, seven years ago, did not exceed Leith in size, has outstripped his mighty metropolis in the grain trade. Accordingly, I tried to compare the statistical returns of the port of Chicago for 1856 with those of London for 1841, the latest I could lay my hands on. From this comparison, it certainly did appear that the imports into Chicago exceed those into London coast-wise and from foreign ports by 280,000 quarters. But I suspect the word “port” used in the one set of tables has a totally different signification from the same word used in the other. So that we are probably comparing what reaches London by water only, with what reaches Chicago by land and by water. However this may be, the enormous amount of more than three millions of quarters of grain reaching Chicago at all in one E 50 year, cannot fail to excite our admiration at this wonderful little place. And then its railroads. Thirteen lines diverge from the city, and one may well ask—How were they made? The answer must be, I fear, that many of them, like some of our English railways, are monuments of the gullibility of the public. On this subject I dare not enlarge. Had we no railways at home where the

profits are imaginary, or nearly so, I might be eloquent on the dishonest representations of American projectors; but under existing circumstances I shall employ my time, better in trying to describe the thing, and leaving you to draw your own conclusions.

You all know that a prairie is an undulating plain, dotted here and there with a patch of wood, but generally covered with a profusion of rank weeds bearing pretty flowers, which would offer great temptation to a botanist, but little to a Lincolnshire grazier. Imagine the whole of Scotland north of the Firth of Forth to be such a country, supporting only a few buffaloes and prairie hens, with a narrow patch of cleared land and a few scattered inhabitants about the shores of Loch Fine and the banks of the Dee. Imagine 51 yourself one of the Leith capitalists, sworn to your brethren to use every legitimate exertion to fill your coffers with gold. You constitute yourselves a company. Your first act is to buy the desert lands of Fife. Drawing a straight line to the centre of the Kingdom, you lay down fourteen miles of railway leading to nowhere, the country on the right hand and on the left being a howling wilderness. But it consists of land easily brought into cultivation. It is near the Firth of Forth and the town of Leith, where facilities for the development of traffic are ample. You quickly dispose of your lands, one-half to *bonâ fide* agriculturists, the other half to speculators like yourselves, who have an inkling of your tactics, and confidence in your skill. You then hasten to purchase silver trumpets, and the whole newspaper press, duly supplied with these, blow such a blast that fame takes up the echo of your success, and men rush in panting to join in a scheme whereby railways become self-constructive. What shall prevent your company raising a capital sufficient to carry you to the banks of the Dee, ay, and of the Spey too? So eager is the demand for your stock, that you who set the 52 concern agoing, handsomely part with all your own shares, and rest content with certain little patches of land around the stations. True, there is no population as yet, but your railway will soon transport a colony along its line. It is the precursor of the inhabitants for whose ultimate use it has been constructed. So the railway advances merrily.

Do you smile at my picture. I assure you it is drawn from nature, and is, I believe, a correct portrait in every feature. In this way the prairie has been covered with a net-work of railways most desirable for the country, but ruinous to the proprietors.

When I have added that the population of Chicago is 100,000, that the city contains 60 churches, that on the four lines of railway which lead west, 107,000 persons pass out annually to remain permanently settled, I shall have said enough to give you some idea of that enterprizing place, “the prairie city!”

I have told you that one of the characteristic features of the New World is the vast sweep of its navigable rivers. In so rapid a journey, it was obviously out of the question that we should 53 make the acquaintance of many of them by means of a long voyage on their surface. The waters of the Upper Mississippi and the Ohio were, at the season of our visit, so shallow that steamboat traffic was all but suspended. What struck me most was the remarkable steepness of the banks, proving that the rivers had in the course of ages excavated for themselves a deeper and deeper channel. This fact renders steaming on their surface somewhat dull and uninteresting, whilst it makes their approach by a loaded omnibus trying to the nerves. The first thing which caught my eye as I glided down the Mississippi, was a steamboat with the appellation of “Spalding and Rogers's Circus.” So great is the love of the Americans for equestrian performances, that even the waters of the Mississippi have their arena. At St. Louis I was struck with the vast array of lofty funnels with which the banks of the river were covered. It seemed as if a second Birmingham had sprung up from the bed of the waters. I counted upwards of 250, each steamboat being provided with two.

The steam navy of this river is one of the wonders of the western world, I fear to repeat 54 what I have heard on this subject, as it sounds like the wandering of a vagrant imagination. The steamers themselves are, indeed, very different affairs from the Atlantic boats. They are, in fact, barges supporting a two or three storeyed warehouse, capable of stowing away a goodly pile of merchandise, and some two or three hundred passengers. From

one of these unsightly contrivances we scrambled into the town of St. Louis, from whence, finding nothing to interest us, except the fact that we were served by slaves, we quickly took our departure for Kentucky, attracted thither by the fame of the Mammoth Cave. Owing to a railway accident, we were detained twelve hours at a little village in the State of Indiana, of some four or five years' standing, where Mr. Fraser stumbled on a copy of Burns. On expressing to an intelligent mechanic our astonishment at finding poetry in so remote a district, he said, “Oh! all of us have on our shelves Burns and the Bible,” adding, “The former we read, the latter we look at.” He was not Scotch, and had only a partial understanding of the dialect, but seemed to enjoy the poet notwithstanding. The humanity of Burns finds an interpreter in every breast.

55

Crossing the Ohio river at Louisville, and suffering extreme discomfort from the crowd assembled there at an agricultural exhibition, we pushed our way into the heart of Kentucky. Of the agricultural show, owing to the detention before referred to, we saw nothing but a few specimens of the red Kentucky horses, whose swift shuffling pace was a great novelty. The interior of the country is hilly and picturesque, abounding in beautiful wild flowers and fruits. Peach orchards were abundant, but the fruit was hardly so good as we found it on the opposite bank of the Ohio. One peculiarity of this district is the existence of numerous basins, some dry, some containing water, as if the upper crust of the earth had subsided into a hollow beneath. Hence the State gets the soubriquet of “holey Kentucky”— *lucus à non lucendo.* At the little inn where we hoped to breakfast, but went no farther than hope, we saw a large placard announcing the sale by auction of nine likely negroes, the property of a judge, deceased. But we had no time to wait the sale, so we hurried on.

My companions in the coach were Tennessee people. Here, as on other occasions, I found the Americans difficult of access at first, but by dint 56 of exertion I contrived thoroughly to thaw the ice. The mention of Mrs. Stowe's name was received with a general groan. On our way, we saw a nigger school busy at work, and one of the ladies exclaimed,

“Our future masters!” I am happy to add, that she was a most intelligent, well-informed, lady-like person; and the conversation with my companions of that day convinces me, if I had doubted it before, that there are kind hearts and right Christian feelings in the slave State of Tennessee.

We are now in the midst of the tobacco fields of Kentucky. The heat is great during the day, and nature is at rest; but as night draws on, life exhibits itself in the gleaming of the fire-flies, in the croaking of the frogs, in the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will, and above all in the furious demonstrations of the kittydids. These creatures are a kind of locust or grasshopper, and they hollow (halloo), (to use the country phrase), not with their throats, but with their legs and wings. Still, as I lay awake in the night listening to the deafening hubbub around me, I could not help picturing two of these fellows perched on opposite branches of a tree, with throats swollen 57 to bursting in their endeavours to outscream each other. So sensitive are they, that the slightest touch of the hand on the stock of a tree on whose branches they are performing, silences them at once.

The drive from the public road to the hotel at the cave occupies three hours, and is performed by means of a four-horsed coach. It is seven miles of the most difficult country surely coach ever ventured to travel on. After a few terrific bangs, the coachman was wont to pull up and consider the thing. On one of these occasions I ventured outside to get a clearer view of the difficulties; but as I found both hands required to hold on by, and as the gratification of being pitched against a stump (for the stumps dotted the road like nine pins) was not just then to be coveted, I quickly descended. The hotel to which this road is the avenue, makes up three hundred beds, and is the summer resort of numbers of people from Alabama and Tennessee, a,few of whom were remaining at the time of our visit. The slave question just now keeps them much within the slave states. We found them very willing to discuss the subject, and I am bound to say they spoke sensibly and rationally.

You have all heard of the Mammoth Cave. Shall I confess to you that, on the whole, I was rather disappointed with it? You find your way, after the manner of a mole, along nine miles of difficult road—now bending your head as the guide shouts out, “the valley of humiliation” now scrambling up a chaos of loose rocks at the “hill of difficulty”presently twisting yourself into the shape of the letter S at “the fat man's misery”—twice crossing the Green River, and listening to the exquisite echoes which the cave mingles with your song —and occasionally stopping to see the incrustations on a vaulted chamber by the aid of a Bengal light. The whole must be pronounced a very heavy walk of eighteen miles; and few lovers of the picturesque would undertake to repeat it. The cave has several inhabitants. Not to mention the bats, which make it their winter quarters, there are some creatures whose fixed habitation it appears to be. We first encountered a very starved-looking cricket. From his appearance, and from the fact of his seeing, I am disposed to think he occasionally takes his walks abroad. Then there were flies, who undoubtedly found their way in, and may possibly 59 find their way out again if they wish it. But the same is not true of the fishes in the Green River. They never quit the cave. They are colourless, and unprovided with eyes, proving their remarkable adaptation to the circumstances in which they are found. My piscatory propensities waxed strong as I stood on the banks of this stream, on which the light of day has never shone; and I held my lamp long and anxiously over its surface. My skill and zeal were rewarded by a couple of craw-fish, white and eyeless, which I have preserved in spirits as trophies of my powers. Blind fish are not confined to this river. They are found in another cave in Kentucky, in a well fifty feet deep, in Warren's County, Tennessee, and, I believe also, in the caves of Adelsberg.

The most remarkable phenomenon of the Mammoth Cave to our senses, though not to our philosophy, is its temperature, which, winter or summer, never deviates a degree from 59 F. And this temperature, by means of a current which steadily blows from the cave, is kept up at some distance from its mouth. It is a most startling sensation to walk out in the cool air, and with 60 no visible line of demarcation, suddenly to find yourself in the temperature of 80° to 90° in the shade.

Those who have strength to get to the further end, find evidence that others have preceded them. The place is scattered with advertisements. I picked up one card, from which I acquired the following information: “T. H. Kinsey, M. D., respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she is now prepared to practise medicine in all its departments. She devotes particular attention to the various forms of disease peculiar to her sex. Office —No. 24 West 5th Street, Cincinnati.

“Persons living at a distance, by sending a written description of their condition and symptoms, as full as possible, with a fee of 5 dollars, *or more* , can have the proper directions sent them for treatment,” etc.

Whilst on the subject of advertisements, I may mention that the Americans are fully sensible of the advantage of proclaiming their merits to the world. A very handsome coloured atlas has been issued from Philadelphia simply as an advertising medium. Mr. Gray treats us to his advertisements 61 bare, and does not even give us the property of them. In America, advertisements are scattered about the lobbies of the hotels, nailed in quires on the trees of the public walks, and showered on the seats of the railway carriages; so that you may fill your pockets as often as you like. I fear to think of the cost in paper which some of the railways must incur. And then the announcements themselves. The directors of the Caledonian and North British Railways rest satisfied with quietly opposing each other by the speed or convenience of their trains. They do not issue flaming placards setting forth the advantages of their respective lines. Much less do they warn the unwary traveller against yielding to the allurements of their opponent. The American railway directors exercise no such forbearance. Their announcements are often made up of puffs of their own railway, and side-blows at their neighbours. Such, for instance, as this, which I copy from the handbill of the railway by which I travelled from Chicago to St. Louis. “Saving of 70 miles travel and 6 to 12 hours' time Purchase St. Louis, Alton and Chicago air-line tickets, as all others are circuitous, and liable to fail in connections, 62 thereby causing great inconvenience and delay.” Or the following, from the circular of the New

York and Erie railroad. “This great thoroughfare offers unrivalled inducements to the business and travelling public:—

“1st. A saving of 22 miles in distance.

“2d. A broad gauge and wide cars.

“3d. The cars run through to New York City without change, an advantage not enjoyed by any other route.

“4th. The liability of missing connections on eastward-bound trains, incident to all other routes, is avoided on this line; it having no connections to make.

“5th. Liberal time will always be given for meals at dining stations, whether the trains are on or off time, a comfort not usual on other lines.

“6th. Passengers on the great through express trains avoid the daily annoyance of a large local passage travel, so common on all other lines,” etc.

The writer has hitherto avoided any direct allusion to his opponent; but now, waxing warm, he becomes more pointed, and declares—“It is the only route running cars to the city of New York without change, thereby saving the annoyance 63 of ferriage and hack drivers at Albany, and a slow and tedious ride in horse cars some three miles, to reach the depot in New York, incident to the Albany route.” He concludes—“Any statements made by agents of rival lines to the contrary are untrue, and not worthy of credit.” On another page of this document is a map which enables the eye at once to detect the absurdity of taking the rival route by Albany. Another attack was made on the Albany route the day I was at Cincinnati. The cards of that railway are signed—“ Allen Butler , Gen' West'n Ag't.” The attack is in the form of a burlesque, commencing—“Beware of false ‘profits,’” and concluding—“Beware of all statements advertising sharper lightning or more comfortable collisions on the Take-it-

easy route. They are only attempts to steal our lightning—they are false—furthermore they are not true—and, worst of all, are calculated to deceive.

(Signed) “ Oily Butter, General Western Puffer and Gas-Blower.”

At Cincinnati I had the satisfaction of seeing one of the district schools, and also an intermediate school engaged at work. The whole 64 floor was covered with desks, such as I saw at Montreal; orwith seats, like arm-chairs, having the left arm extended so as to form a resting-place for the slate. The schools were well filled, and in admirable order. The district school contained six hundred children, the education of whom is provided without charge to the parents. Here I ventured to express to the rector my objections to the occupation of the floor by fixtures. There appears to be no scope allowed for variety in the manner of teaching, nor for that activity—boisterous activity if you will—which characterises a Scotch school. Education is to a great extent carried on through the medium of the slate and the book. The impress of the living teacher fails to get stamped on the pupil's mind. But I must check my pen, lest I seem to find fault. The free and liberal way in which I, an utter stranger without introduction, was conducted over the whole establishment; the vast expenditure both in buildings and in salaries, which here and everywhere in America is lavished on education; the attractive appearance and manners of the numerous male and female teachers; the good conduct and honest countenances of the scholars, 65 disarm criticism, and afford ample ground for commendation.

I have little further to say about Cincinnati. Deficiency of politeness and exuberance of health are my excuses for not having exchanged cards with Mrs. Dr. Kinsey. Amateurs in pork will be sorry to learn that the hog crop this year is likely to prove a failure. On applying, at the post-office for my letters from England, I was told that the British mail had not arrived. “Indeed,” said I, “but the steamer has been in New York these four days.” “Very well,” was the answer, “then we may look for the letters to-morrow.” And sure enough, about thirty-six hours later, they did arrive. Of the four letters addressed to me

from home, and prepaid to the States, only two reached their destination at all. It is high time that centralization should be applied to the post-office department.

In this respect, we are a century a-head of the States; and I am disposed to think we are not so much behind them in many other matters, as they give us credit for. One of their economical arrangements, on which they greatly pride themselves, and which, I believe, has been the envy F 66 and model for imitation amongst us for the last twenty years, is their decimal coinage. The Canadian legislature has resolved to adopt this system. And, indeed, any system is sure to be better than their present utter want of system. The silver coins in common use there at present are the English shilling and sixpence. The former is called Is. 3d. currency, or a quarter dollar; the latter is called 7½d., or a York shilling. Add to this, that the value of a pound currency is not precisely the same in all the four provinces; and the desirableness of a change will be at once evident. But the same does not apply to this country, where we have a very convenient coinage. Some of our legislators and men of science are most anxious to introduce the decimal system here. Let them succeed, and I will venture to stake my reputation on the assertion, that not one of them will live to see it accepted by the mass of the people. Even in France, the predilection for the *sou* is strong. Centimes are too minute for the business of life; and it is obviously simpler and better to talk of nine sous than of forty-five centimes. And as the centime is inconvenient in France, so the cent, which is five times 67 as large, is inconvenient in America. Except in New York, the traveller rarely sees one. In Kentucky I asked the price of apples. The answer was, “Three for half a dime.” “And how many cents for one?” The answer was, “Half a dime; you are out of the land of cents now.”

I ought, perhaps, to state that the silver coins are a dollar, which is very scarce—so scarce, indeed, that I never saw one—half a dollar, quarter dollar, dime, or tenth of a dollar, and half dime. A most inconvenient scale of division, it must be confessed. So inconvenient, indeed, that it is in many places practically superseded by the use of the word “shilling” for the eighth of a dollar, and “sixpence,” for the sixteenth. I have hotel bills of fare drawn up in shillings, I have a printed bill before me in which, although the articles

are priced in cenis, a whole number occurs only once; viz. at 25 cents, or a quarter dollar; 6¼ occurs sixteen times; 12½ four times, and 18¾ once. Now who ever heard of a quarter cent? Nobody ever does hear of it; nor is it intended anybody should do so. If you ask the shopman to read his placard for you, he will use 68 the word “sixpence” where you see 6¼ cents in print, a “shilling,” or “a half quarter,” where you see 12½, and so on. The thing thus becomes intelligible enough.

But I have said that probably no such coin as a quarter cent exists. Hence the printer or the proprietor usually dispenses with it, and prices the articles by the next whole number. I have before me the catalogue of the publications of Miller and Curtis, booksellers, New York. That I may make a perfectly fair statement, I will give you a summary of all the prices which are not expressed in dollars, halves, and quarters. There occur 36 publications at 88 cents, 24 at 37 or 38, 17 at 63, and 3 at 13. Not one at 80 or 90 cents—not one even at 10 or 20 cents. An advocate of the decimal system, ignorant of America, would argue from the above figures, that the existence of such minute shades of discrimination as 88 instead of 90 proves the excellence of the system. But a word from the shop boy would open his eyes. Let him ask the price of the work marked 13 cents, and the answer would be—“A shilling,” *i.e.* 12½ cents, and so on of the others. The cumbersome system of 69 dividing and multiplying by 10 has yielded to the more simple one of operating by 2, although the latter mode of proceeding runs counter to the decrees and the coinage of the country. Before our legislators deprive us of the admirable system of reckoning by sovereigns, half sovereigns, crowns, and half-crowns—admirable both because the division is by two, and because the middle coin has a separate name rather less objectionable than the American name “ *quarter* ”—I would request them to visit America, and then sit down and calculate how many years must elapse before the new coinage will be the basis of the transactions of daily life throughout the country. Our pioneer the florin has one advantage —it has a pretty name. I once heard a landlord say to a customer, “I have no objection to your *quarters* ,” a compliment which the other could hardly reciprocate.

I shall not exhaust your patience by detailing to you the various little incidents in my last journey to Buffalo, Albany, and New York. You will not cafe to hear of the witticisms which were elicited by our running over a goose in the night; or of the perfect apathy with which we pursued our 70 journey after killing a man in the morning. The American is not stopped in his career by such trifles as these, nor will I stop in my story to be their faithful chronicler. Suffice it that we reached New York in safety. Thence I took a run down to Philadelphia, and, returning, put myself on board the Asia, under the excellent charge of Captain Lott, and in due time saw again the green shores of England. On reaching home, I considered I had many things to be thankful for besides the prosperous journey: such, for instance, as these—that I am not a republican; that my lot is cast in a land whose sober age is incompatible with the feverish excitement of the New World; and, above all, that I too live in a free country.

You will best understand the rapidity with which steam carries one over the world, when I call to your remembrance that we were only a little more than ten weeks out, four of which were occupied in business necessarily retarding progress, and that in this short space of time we reached a point which, had we proceeded as fax east, would have placed us beyond the capital of India, and landed us in the heart of the 71 Chinese Empire, within less than ten degrees of the Great Wall. It is true, two-thirds of the sweep in longitude were effected by the aid of the Atlantic; but I beseech you to remember that the remaining third is equal to the whole breadth of the peninsula of India, from the Indus to the Ganges. Let me remind you, too, that in 1791 the white population of the States was under three and a quarter millions, and that this vast extent of territory through which we passed has been brought almost to the level of European development, whilst the populations of the east under British rule have slumbered as of old, and made little social progress. Nor are we to attribute this unfavourable comparison altogether to the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, nor to the excellence of the institutions which the Americans, derived as an heir-loom from the old country, nor to the happy accident of the first assertors of independence having been men above the reach of a petty ambition; nor to the extraordinary natural

resources of the country. I think I can see beyond all these the grand pervading influence of Christianity, which, however disguised or deformed, has silently but steadily 72 guided and impelled the young republic to the execution of its own higher work, in the spread of Gospel light and knowledge throughout the world.

I am not ignorant of the fact, that speculation riots on the other side of the Atlantic; nor could I for a moment justify the promoters of visionary or dishonest schemes. But I believe this tendency is overruled to serve nobler ends; and, besides, I have yet to learn that this spirit of headlong adventure is injurious to the prosperity of the country. When I see radiating from a little town in the heart of a vast desert, lines of railway as numerous as the spokes of a cart wheel, I may well exclaim, “Where did the money come from! What false representations, what cunning mis-statements must not have been circulated to interest the monied community in such wild schemes!” Perhaps, however, I shall restrain my pious horror when I remember the programmes of many of our own unhappy railways, the promoters of which were generally honest, well-intentioned men. But if I am asked—What injury has the country suffered? I shall assuredly conclude, that, taken in its broad bearings, the mania 73 for wild speculation has resulted in the general good. Unlike the Mississippi and South Sea schemes of our great-grandfathers, the projects of modern times, even in the old world, tend to develope the resources of the country, and thus, however ruinous to the projectors, are the pioneers of future prosperity. And this is tenfold more the case in the New World. There, the most egregious failures in one direction open up the avenues to success in another. Like the dying man's sons in the fable, the present labourers may fail to turn up the hid treasure, but ere they have thrown aside their spades, it will steal out of itself.

I have said little about slavery. That it is a present incubus on the country, that it secretly poisons the springs of virtue in the regions where it exists, are truisms about which there can be no reasonable dispute. That its death-blow is impending, that the very existence of the Union demands its speedy removal, are facts which recent events clearly indicate. But if it be expected that I should go further, and be prodigal of indiscriminate censure

on the slaveholders, I am bound to decline doing so. They are not at all to blame 74 for the existence of slavery; they are only partially to blame for the degradation of the slave by long continued neglect of culture. But every year that the present state of things continues, adds to their responsibility. The want of education for successive generations has, I think, lowered the negro in the scale of humanity; and I would suggest that the many excellent Southrons, who are as anxious as we are to count slavery as a thing of history, should commence by improving it to those who are born under its influence. They should strengthen the laws which protect the slave, and, what is more, strengthen the arm which administers those laws. They should repeal, both in the spirit and in the letter, the unholy education statute. The negro, as he is at present, is not a fair match for the white man in the scramble of life; and, if left to his own resources, his condition would not be a very enviable one. I can testify to the fact, that the free negroes of Nova Scotia live in a state of the most abject poverty, and I was told that during the winter they mainly subsist on charity. Humanity demands that the slave be treated as a man, not in the mere negation of oppression, but in the positive exhibition towards 75 him of the golden rule, “Do as you would be done by.”

You may have noticed, if you have done me the honour to follow my wanderings, that I have altogether ignored the peculiarities of the Americans; and I feel it my duty to offer a word of explanation. That even the ladies in some districts speak with a lazy nasal twang, disagreeable to a stranger's ear; that by universal consent the republic has taken on itself to alter the meaning of certain words, and, guided by Webster, to mar the orthography of others; that the Americans say “I guess,” when we should say “I think”—phrases, both the one and the other, utterly perverted and meaningless;* that the common people, whilst speaking purer English on the whole than in the districts of the mother country, interlard their speech with certain vulgarisms, peculiarly their own; that business men, seizing an opportunity to quit their desks for a mid-day meal, do not think it necessary to sit out three courses and a dessert;—that these and such like things are real existences I do not

* See Coleridge's “Aids to Reflection,” 2d edit. p. 403.

76 pretend to deny, but they have been made so much of by English tourists, that it appears now to have become a standing joke with the American people to play them off on John Bull, just as a Scotchman treats him to a haggis, or a French-man to a dish of frogs.

One topic more, and I have done. The temper of the American people towards the British is not, I am persuaded, that of warm fellow-feeling. It may be the remembrance of having separated from us by force—it may be the consciousness of following in our wake in so many things which elevate humanity; it may be jealousy of the power which has barred them from a portion of the continent of North America; it may be a too sensitive *amour propre* constantly wounded by the teazing of our literary men; it may be any or all of these which ruffles the skin of an American; however it be accounted for, I am persuaded that cordial love towards us as members of the same family does not exist. There is respect, and cold distant regard, but no more.

I would fain believe that a better feeling is growing, and that it is reciprocated on this side the 77 Atlantic. The true interest of both countries as regards each other, is assuredly their mutual prosperity. Let us hope that the existing harmony will grow into a stronger bond to unite us. The people on both sides the St. Lawrence are doing a great work, and every friend of civilisation should bid them God speed.

THE END.

R. AND R. CLARK PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

III. HOW TO IMPROVE THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.